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'ROUND ABOUT
BURLINGTON
VERSE



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'ROUND ABOUT BURLINGTON VERSE

BY

CHARLES S. LORD.



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TO THE MEMORY OF MOTHER



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MY FRIENDS.

THAT which I am, came from a land uncharted,
Where feet of men have never travelled over;
Or from far heights, unscaled by man's aspiring;
Or emerald depths that thought has never sounded;
Or may be, from some dazzling realms mysterious,
Where human mind and sense are barred from entrance;

Yet near, as are the kingdoms of the senses—
Unknown to us, because we lack perception.

So—dust, desire, and joy and pain compounded—
And thrilled with love, and mystified by reason—
I come into this conscious phase a moment;
A name—a passing gleam—a cry—a shadow.
O, friends of mine, I call to you, in passing,
To say good morn; and tell you that I love you,
For life is love—else why the grief at parting,
And love is life—and love is joy eternal.

The flowers blossom, and distil their fragrance;
But as we breathe it, it is wafted from us—
The sunshine charms, the summer soothes our sorrows—

But night draws near; the winter hastens towards us.
So linger not, but let me know your presence.
Tell me your needs—the proof of love is service—
And let me taste the nectar of your friendship;
And let me prove that life is given for loving.

And should I fail to hear the call of duty;
And if from weakness, or a bent to sinning,
I miss the chance to prove my right of being—
In the base turmoil of a selfish struggle,
I lose the meaning of life's greatest lesson—
Yet, you to whom my spirit ever reaches,
O let your spirits blend with mine to help me.
So, hearty clasp and friendly smiles revealing
Our mutual bonds of life and love and longing,
Let us be quick to recognize their meaning,
And be content that we have known each other.

For soon our dust with parent dust will mingle,
And that which came from out those realms mys-
terious,
Will circle on its long apportioned journey;
Beyond the confines of the sky, it may be;
Or, under some new guise or mode of being,
Remain at home, unseen by those who love us—
Fulfilling still the will of Him who made us.

Feb. 9, 1912.

THE COMMON LOT.

I will not strive to find some sheltered spot
To while Life's hours away—
Content that I have found the *common lot*—
A chance to work and pray.
A chance to fight, as men have always fought
For just their common needs
Of shelter, food and raiment; dearly bought
By constant, strenuous deeds.

A chance to show my willingness to work
Among my fellow men;
A chance to prove that I will never shirk
My share of toil or pain;
My share of disappointment and of loss—
Of darkness and of gloom—
My turn to bear the common, heavy cross;
Or weep beside a tomb.

So shall I find my Heaven appointed place—
My special burdens bear—
And with contentment, lift a smiling face
And breathe a grateful prayer.
A prayer that utters not a selfish cry
For gold, or joy, or ease,
Nor yet a wail because of sins gone by,
God's wrath to appease.

But fervent thankfulness for faith and love,
And friends who understand;
For stars that twinkle in the skies above,
For flowers that grace the land;
For evidences in my soul of God—
And so, I falter not;
Tho' Fate rewards, or wields a chastening rod—
I share the Common Lot.

January, 1913.

THE OLD HOME FARM.

I would that with enchanted pen,
Or flow of inspiration,
I could recall those scenes again—
Oh, short were their duration—
When I, a happy boy at home,
Through its beloved fields did roam.

No mansion grand was my abode—
To me it seemed a palace—
The street was but a country road,
That wound o'er hills, through valleys,
Past scenes that in my memory rise
Like visions of a paradise.

Before the rambling farmhouse old,
With numerous buildings clustered,
Around it like a warrior bold,
With all his forces mustered,
Were trees, that in the summer bore,
Of luscious fruit, a goodly store.

Oft in their glorious springtime's dress,
The bee, a vagrant rover,
Rejoiced in greatest happiness,
As in the time of clover,
And all day long, with busy hum,
He sucked the honey from the bloom.

Beside the house, and towering o'er,
An ancient tree is growing;
That butternuts and turkeys bore,
How long there is no knowing;
Majestic as the prince of trees,
It scrapes the roof with every breeze.

A little stream the livelong day,
Is sparkling, bright and merry,
And hurries down beside the way,
A while, at least, to tarry,
Within the moss grown farmyard trough,
Then ripples on with song and laugh.

An ancient orchard, rough and old,
Is in the lower meadow,
A spring bursts forth, both clear and cold,
Almost within its shadow ;
And oft I've hastened to its side,
To quench my thirst at eventide.

I used to lie, at heat of day,
Beneath the maples tall,
And watch the squirrels at their play,
Around the old stone wall ;
They knew how safe was their retreat
And ventured almost to my feet.

Sometimes, far up the hill, alone,
The twilight hour has found me,
And sitting on my favorite stone,
I long would gaze around me,
Upon the beauties of the scene ;
Of golden light and varied green.

Below there lay, so white and fair,
A peaceful village sleeping,
Where scarce a whisper breaks the air,
And constant vigil keeping ;
The grand old mountains cluster 'round
And guard its mysteries profound.

I sat entranced upon the hill,
And watched the sunset glory,
And now I feel a sweet, wild thrill
As I relate the story,
And yet a joy so free from pain
Will nevermore be mine again.

And now, once more, that picture fair
I see in mental vision,
In summer's beauty, rich and rare,
As sweet as fields Elysian,
The waving sea of golden grain;
Below, the cattle in the lane.

The cornfields nodding in the breeze
Softly their tresses parting,
The house half hidden by the trees,
The swallows 'round it darting,
The giants of the sugar place;
Beyond, old Mansfield's scowling face.

The picture fades; and now again,
I cannot trace its beauty,
I lay aside my wandering pen,
And turn to care and duty,
But care and time can ne'er efface,
The memories of that dear old place.

THE FIRST ROBIN OF SPRING.

I heard a robin sing—
With morning slumbers mingled
Those glorious notes, appealing—
That through my dreams came stealing,
'Til my whole being tingled
With the awakening Spring.

I heard a robin sing—
Above the passing clatter—
The street cars' roar and rumble—
Above the ceaseless chatter—
Amid the noisy jumble,
I heard the voice of Spring.

I heard a robin sing,
Just as the day was breaking ;
My soul with rapture filled
At such a joyous waking,
And through my pulses thrilled
The buoyant life of Spring.

March 26, 1911.

A SUMMER SAIL—ON LAKE CHAMPLAIN.

SO beautiful! The lake, the shore, the clouds, the sky!

So much I love, so much I lose, as they flit by;
So much I cannot comprehend—Yet God is good;
His love adorns it all—not understood.

I look and listen as these summer moments fly;
I feel the wondrous love; the awful Presence nigh.
The sunlit mountain peaks, majestic, far away;
The shady nooks where campers dwell about the bay;

The island's mirrored foliage in a peaceful sea—
All fill my soul with love—my mind with mystery.
The storm clouds gather—break—the raindrops sweep
the sky;

The tremulous waters shudder as the storm howls by.

The mountains that so proudly raised their heads, sun-kissed,

Now loom like giant spectres through the driving mist—

The storm is past—the evening winds with cool moist hands

Caress my brow; my dimmed eyes turn to sunset lands.

These present, evanescent, changing beauties tire;
And less and less my soul absorbs, mine eyes admire;
Like tired child I long for rest—am going home;
I turn to greet the lengthening shadows as they come.

Home, sleep and rest; to rise at morn refreshed, re-newed,

And, understanding not, to *know* that God is good;
So life's short day; the hours of joy and light and love,
Not understood; nor storms nor darkening clouds
above.

My soul is tired, I long for home and rest and sleep,
And trust at morn to rise refreshed; to know the
deep,

The precious love; the hope fulfilled; our Father's
smile;

The joy of meeting with those loved and lost awhile.

JUNE.

MORNING breaks in waves of music,
Evening melts in mellow haze;
Nights are odorous with flowers,
Green and golden are the days.

Time of buttercups and daisies—
Fields are full of Summer's story;
Blossoming banks of wayside roses
Charm us with their fleeting glory.

Rich the forest's leafy mantle,
Cool its depths of moss and fern;
Dainty wild flowers' modest faces
Shyly peep at every turn.

Hear the the robins' early chorus,
List the sparrows' liquid song;
Harken as the silvery hermit
Chimes the forest aisles along.

June is here—that glorious dreamer—
Hearts oppressed, forget your woe;
Turn from grief and care and duty,
Bid the haunting spectres go.

Bathe your souls in light and beauty—
Lark-like let your spirits rise;
Far above the strife and tumult
Join celestial harmonies.

MAY.

COULD I, by foresight, know today
That ne'er again mine eyes should see
The bounteous life of budding May—
The verdant mead—the blooming tree;

It is enough that I have seen
The pink and white on apple bough;
The dandelion on the green,
The cowslip in the meadow slough;

That, mingling with my waking dreams,
The robin's song I've heard; and known
The grandeur of morn's early beams
Upon the distant mountains thrown.

Have listened, as the darkness fell,
To twilight voices, sweet and clear;
Where distant marsh and woodland dell
Proclaimed the Spring time of the year.

Have felt the soft drops of the rain
Against my face, press cool and sweet;
And heard, on roof and windowpane,
The patter of their hurrying feet.

Enough that in the buds and flowers
I've watched the miracles of growth ;
And, through these deep, unfathomed powers,
Caught glimpses of eternal truth.

Enough that under midnight skies
I've seen the moon rise from the sea ;
That with their myriad sparkling eyes
The twinkling stars have smiled on me.

Enough that in each quickened sense,
Each consciousness of power or grace—
I recognize Omnipotence—
Unlimited by time or space.

Content I wait the dreamless sleep—
For wheresoe'er my spirit dwell ;
The Hand that made will surely keep—
That Hand that doeth all things well.

OCTOBER.

FROSTY white each lawn and garden
In the tingling morning hours;
Leaves are tinted red and yellow—
Scant and lonely are the flowers.

In the fields, like sentinels guarding,
Stand the rustling shooks of corn;
Purple wild grapes by the roadside,
Vine-embowered walls adorn.

Hunters range the mountain forests,
Where the shrinking wild deer dwell;
Where, upon his log, the partridge
Drums within some mossy dell.

Harvest time of joy and plenty—
Bounteous stores of golden grain;
Seed, wide sown as on the waters,
Many fold comes back again.

But, in memory, springtime lingers,
And we miss the summer days;
And we know that swirling blizzards
Lurk beyond October's haze.

NOVEMBER.

NOW the cold, gray clouds are drifting, and the
harsh wind whistles by,
And the restless trees are lifting piteous, bare arms
to the sky ;
And the random flakes are sifting where the leaves
ungathered lie.

Seamed with white, each frozen furrow—Summer
flowers have come to naught ;
Frost—relentless, cruel, thorough—treachous, blight-
ing work hath wrought ;
Only woodchuck in his burrow, slumbers on and
reckons not.

Raw the fields with ragged stubble—fern hills browned
with killing frost ;
Flags a-droop where streamlets bubble—cowslip's
yellow beauty lost ;
Sentinel crow proclaims his trouble, from fir eyrie
tempest-tossed.

Cattle, shivering to their stable, toss their horns and
wonder why
Summertime is so unstable—all too quickly passing by ;
Turkeys know not that the table, ill-portending them,
is nigh.

Sometimes, crisp and cold and thrilling, frosty dawn
 delights the eye ;
Gorgeous east, o'er dun clouds, spilling floods of gold
 and crimson dye ;
Lofty, purple, mountains' chilling snow clad peaks in
 crystal sky.

And at night the lamplight gleaming from the misty
 window pane,
Warmth and friendly greeting beaming down the
 shadowy, stormy lane ;
Lures to rest and peaceful dreaming, toiler battling
 home again.

Nov. 19, 1905.

A METHODIST.

I'D have you to know I'm a Methodist,
 A Methodist, a Methodist,
The happiest mortal on the list ;
My soul is filled with a precious joy—
A cheer that nothing can ever annoy,
And happiness all my being fills
Way up to the brim 'till it overspills,
And I shout aloud, and will not desist,
 For I am a Methodist.

I wish that *you* were a Methodist,
A Methodist, a Methodist,
Come join with me in this heavenly tryst;
Would you have the peace you never have known?
Would you feel your troubles away have flown?
Would you quit your meanness and right about face
Up the narrow path to that better place?
Get into the light and out of the mist,
And be a good Methodist.

And yet if you are not a Methodist,
A Methodist, a Methodist,
May be you're Episcopal, trim and whist,
Or a Congo that chooses to think for himself;
Or a Quaker who cares not for riches nor pelf,
Or a Baptist immersed in a babbling brook,
Or a Catholic reading his prayers from a book;
If your life by the sun of God's love has been kissed,
You're as good as a Methodist.

THE DEER SLAYER.

A hunter went forth one Autumn day
In the rustling leafy wild;
A deer across his track did stray,
Treading the mountain's lofty way
Where the glacier's rocks were piled.

The beautiful eyes were glad and free,
And proud was the antlered head;
That night the hunter, with boastful glee,
Related a story of victory—
But the beautiful deer lay dead.

A WINTER NIGHT.

STRAY snowflakes brush my face
Like touch of fairy fingers;
Afar, in starry space
The Aurora flames and lingers;
The night grows tense and still;
In moonlight's misty shadows
The spruces guard the hill;
The willows trace the meadows.

ROCK OF AGES.

SUBLIME, storm beat, wind swept, strong;
Founded when the worlds were born.
Lasting through the ages long
'Till the last triumphant morn.

Refuge of the shipwrecked soul;
Hope of sinking barques—storm-tossed—
When engulfing billows roll,
And the ship is all but lost.

AUTUMN.

WHEN the crows are holding caucus
In the pine tops—loud and raucous—
And the squirrels snicker in the chestnut trees ;
When the vines with red are burning,
And the maple leaves are turning,
And the hollyhocks are nodding in the breeze.

When, through every marsh and river,
The wild duck echoes quiver ;
When the boys get out the fishing rod and gun,
And the old hounds anxious baying,
Utters protest 'gainst delaying
Of the chase that makes the red fox run.

When the small boy's grin grows wider
As he fills up on sweet cider
And he loads his pocket from the apple bin ;
When, alone, the sprightly aster
Has survived the frost's disaster,
And geraniums and bulbs are taken in.

When, at dewy morn, the camper
Finds the frosty grass is damper,
And deserts his summer cottage for the town ;
When the county politician,
Following his pet ambition,
Drives his rubber tired buggy up and down.

When the husky cornstalks rustle,
And the farmer has to hustle
To get harvested his store of golden grain;
When the golden rod has faded,
And belated chicks look jaded
As they haunt the currant bushes in the rain.

When the mothballs and the cedar,
By the hustling household leader,
Are shook out from robes and furs and winter clothes;
When the mercury is falling,
And the iceman ceases calling,
And we harvest garden stuff before its froze.

When the brown is on the clover,
And vacation days are over,
And the coal man fills the cellar rooms with dust;
When straw hats are no more stunning,
And the tax man comes a-dunning,
And the school girls study evenings, 'cause they must.

When the muskmelons are mellow,
And the sight of pumpkins yellow
Makes us dream of pies that mother used to make;
When the sunset colors deaden,
And the morning sky is leaden,
And the chilly mists hang low upon the lake.

*Then we waken to discover
That the summer time is over,
With its golden days of beauty and of cheer ;
But we'll not be melancholy,
For Thanksgiving-time is jolly,
And the Christmas holidays will soon be here.*

ULLABY.

FACE of the lily—
Heart of the rose—
Little one—pretty one—sleep ;
What are you dreaming ?
Nobody knows—
Fairy dreams—far away—deep.

Pure as the lily,
Sweet as the rose ;
Clear of mind—true of heart—grow ;
Facing life's battles,
Bearing life's woes ;
Steadfastly, lovingly, go.

Heart of the lily,
Heart of the rose,
All your days—all your ways, keep ;
Angels direct you where love ever glows,
When those who love you now, sleep.

CANOE SONG.

TWIXT the mountains of Green and the mountains
of blue,

My lady and I sailed our light canoe
O'er the bright sparkling waters of Lake Champlain;
And the ripples played softly love's sweet refrain—
The music of Lake Champlain.

Oh! my lady was young and my lady was fair;
The waves kissed her fingers, the breezes her hair;
The sunset's soft glow crowned the mountains so blue,
And a tender light shone from her eyes deep and true
That evening on Lake Champlain.

In sunshine and rain most bewitching Champlain
Thy charm and thy beauty shall ever remain;
And my love for the lady of Lake Champlain—
When our dancing canoe floats Oh! never again
O'er the water of Lake Champlain.

REFRAIN.

Beautiful Burlington 'round the bay,
And the marvel of sunset anew each day,
I see you in dreams when I'm far away
From Lake Champlain.

BARTIMEUS.

IN the darkness of the daylight, because of sightless eyes,
Groped the blind man, Bartimeus, among the waiting throng;
Lingered where the curious waited—the sorrowing and
and the wise—
For the coming of the One for whom the world
had waited long.

And some were unbelieving, and many did not care;
And some would hear who could not—the blind
man longed to see;
And when those who saw rushed forward, he cried
aloud a prayer—
“O Jesus, Master merciful—show mercy unto
me.”

O soul in darkness waiting, and longing for the light,
This is a day supernal—The Master passeth by;
He can dispel thy darkness, He can unseal thy sight;
Then call while He is passing and He will hear
thy cry.

The Master in His beauty ; the Christ, the Lord, the King ;

His Kingdom is the universe—His throne is in the sky—

And yet he will restore thy sight and leave thee worshipping,

If thou will call upon him as he is passing by.

May 8, 1910.

THE GOLDEN RULE.

“**W**HATSOEVER ye would” of the rest of mankind,

That’s what to your neighbors you owe ;

And the path of success you are seeking to find,

Is the way you should help men to go.

The blessings of friendship and merited praise,

Bestow, tho’ you perish unknown ;

Let the light of your smile brighten others’ dark days,

Tho’ sunshine has fled from your own.

Tho’ heavy the burdens that have to be borne,

As you toil up the steep narrow way,

Forget not the wayfarers, weary and worn,

That require your assistance each day.

“Whatsoever ye would that men do unto you,”
Even so let us each to the other,
Give love and good fellowship, loyal and true,
As brother should render to brother.

THIS TOO WILL PASS.

AFTER the cares of the daytime,
After the glooms of the night ;
After the freshness of maytime,
After the summer’s delight ;
After the valleys of sorrow,
After the mountains of pain ;
In some eternal tomorrow
We may be happy again.

Care not for joys that are fleeting,
Turn not from storms of distress ;
Yield not to pleasure’s entreating,
Stand through grief’s terrible stress ;
“This too will pass” be the warning,
Bow to the chastening rod ;
After life’s darkness—the morning,
After uncertainty—God.

THE SHADOWS OF MAYDAYS.

OUT in the woods on the sandy plains
Where the wild flowers bloom in the early
Spring,
My love and I, in the days gone by—
In the happy days of the golden maze
Of seasons past, too fair to last—
Went out, 'neath the trees and sky,
To drink perfumes that the breezes bring
Through flowery paths and piney lanes.

Out in the woods, when a shadow dread,
Threat'ning over our future hung;
And she smiled at the flowers, in those sunny hours,
That I brought to her side from far and wide;
But her step was slow and the wind sighed low,
Of a parting that, too soon, was ours;
I smiled, tho' my heart was with anguish wrung,
And the pines moaned overhead.

In the sad, sad spring, when first the green
Grew where my darling lay asleep ;
My footsteps turned toward the piney grove
To find a retreat 'mid the wildflowers sweet,
Where the ground had been hallowed by her feet—
But unsightly piles filled those sacred aisles,
And relentless waste marked the spot I love ;
And I turned from the scarred stumps to weep,
And I longed for a form and face unseen.

Bereft and alone, alas ! I sigh,
For the presence that is mine no more ;
For my heart's delight who, one sad night,
While Autumn clouds flew hurrying by,
And the wind moaned low to my stifled cry,
In the waning light from me took flight ;
And I kiss the garments that she wore,
And wish that I might die.

May 4, 1896.

BUTTERCUPS AND DAISIES.

BRIGHT little summer time faces,
Smiling in desolate places;
Thanks for your beautiful graces—
 Thanks for the joy you bestow ;
Footsore and lonely and weary,
Wandering a path rough and dreary,
I am blessed by your faces so cheery,
 That enliven the way I must go.

MUSIC.

KIND reader, have you ever felt the thrills,
 That music sometimes wakes within the heart ;
And all your being with sweet rapture fills,
 A joy that nothing else could e'er impart ?

And listening to some soft, melodious song,
 Been lifted upward by the gentle strain ;
Above all thoughts of hatred, strife and wrong,
 Above the weary world of care and pain ?

Been lifted upward, as the swift winged flight
 Of that rare bird, that e'er the morning's rays
Have chased away the gloomy shades of night,
 Flies toward the heavens to sing its song of
 praise ?

Been lifted up above the gathered throng,
That with you sought to spend a pleasant hour ;
That, heeding not the cadence of the song,
Knew not the joy, nor felt its magic power ?

You who have journeyed in life's varied way,
For many years, whose brows by care deep writ ;
And locks wherein the intermingling gray,
Proclaimed life's autumn ere you thought of it ;

When you but listen to the harmonious sounds,
Of stirring songs or sad and mournful lays ;
Within your hearts the melody resounds,
And brings before you, scenes of other days.

Hushed are your voices now, while, soft and low,
The music thrills you with its subtle charm ;
You view the scenes your childhood used to know—
The low roofed cottage on the old home farm.

The well house out beneath the maples tall,—
The old oak bucket with its sparkling draught ;
The orchard down below the garden wall
Beneath whose shades you often sang and
laughed.

Within, you see your father's favorite nook,
Where oft at eve he held you on his knee,
And read to you from out the sacred book,
Or told you tales of lands beyond the sea.

Soft and more tender seems the melting strain,
And teardrops gather like the morning dew;
Your mother's dear loved face you see again
Bright beaming with the love she had for you.

Well may you weep, and do not check the tears,
She was of all your earthly friends the best;
Gently she soothed your childish griefs and fears,
And watched beside you while you were at rest.

The music changes and bright hours of bliss
Arise before you; words breathed soft and low,
And tender vows sealed by a lover's kiss,
Come to you from the distant long ago.

Bright were the eyes that smiled upon you then,
Of soft and melting brown or heavenly blue;
And now you seem to see them once again,
By these entrancing strains brought back to you.

Again the music changes and afar
You gaze upon a bloody battle plain;
It is the harsh resounding notes of war
That sounds the strains of victory o'er the slain.

Fiercely the contest rages, and the roar
Of cannon, and the crashing ball
Seemingly says: "The battle 's on once more,"
And quick your heart responds unto the call.

But now you hear some long forgotten strain
That takes you back to unremembered years ;
And all your pulses throb with sudden pain,
Again you strive to check the falling tears.

Perhaps when you last heard it, it was sung
By a dear voice that is forever hushed ;
Some friend you knew when life and hope were young,
By some great weary burden crushed.

And now the music swells with heavenly tone,
Enrapt, you gaze upon a mighty throng,
That gathered round a bright and shining throne,
Forever sings the great redemption song.

Their faces glow with a celestial light,
And jeweled crowns upon their heads they wear ;
Their garments are all spotless, pure and white,
And all around is beautiful and fair.

The music ceases, and life's present scenes
Claim your attention ; with one lingering sigh
You bid farewell to the strange waking dreams,
Brought to you by the changing melody.

There's blessings for us in the gentle notes,
That break life's din and bustle for an hour,
As through our souls the soothing music floats,
And thrills us with its strange mysterious power.

THE W. C. T. U. AND KING ALCOHOL.

I sat by my table the other night,

And though I had gone there intending to write,
I lingered and mused, as the swift moments flew,
Until I had pondered the whole evening through
On the ways of the world and the doings of men;
And never a scratch of my indolent pen
Could I show for the hours that so quickly had fled,
That brought me dark pictures and thoughts that were
sad,

For I thought, as I sat, with my head on my hand,
Of the clouds that hang over our beautiful land—
Of the hearts that are breaking with sorrow and
shame,
Of the darkness that covers full many a name
That might have been white as the pure, driven snow;
And I thought of the crime and the sin and the woe,
Where the poisonous rivers of vice overflow;
And the want and the suffering that with them must
go;

I thought of the thousands lying low,
Bound by the chains of a terrible foe;
A merciless tyrant, the ally we know,
Of the prince of the sulphurous regions below;
Now as my meditations were taking this turn,
I observed that my lamp was forgetting to burn;

And a singular light commenced shining around,
And then on my table there came with a bound,
A queer little imp, who went skipping around ;
Then stopping before me, with bow most profound, he
said :

“Dearest sir, pray dispel your alarm,
For, though I look evil, I will do you no harm ;
I live with the Prince of all evil below,
For I am his short-hand reporter you know,
And his majesty just made a speech to us all,
And since you appeared to have nothing to do,
I thought I would come and relate it to you ;
And so here it is, without more ado.”

“Diabolical friends, I desire to extol,
The worthy endeavors of King Alcohol,
For excellent good he has rendered to me,
And the greatest of all my workers is he ;
His servants, well trained, are a million or more,
And captives he takes every day by the score ;
He tortures and binds them, and when he has done,
He sends them directly to me, every one ;
His foes, though but few, sometimes prove rather
bold,
But there’s many good workers, his cause to uphold,
That are careful and crafty and cunning by nature ;
In Congress, in courts, in the State Legislature—

In positions of honor, in places of trust,
Wearing garments of kings and the robes of the just;
In the store, at the bar, in the editor's chair—
And e'en in the pulpit, sometimes they are there;
In country and hamlet, and village and town,
In the haunts of the lowly and those of renown—
Full many a man of the best reputation
Assists him to foster his hold on the nation;
To be brief, wherever mankind doth exist,
This business continues remarkably brisk;
To be sure, there are drawbacks, there's none without
any,
But the ones which beset are not very many,
For the workers are few in the Temperance cause,
And though, they at times, stir up quite an ado,
With the aid of a temperance lecture or two,
And 'arrestings' and 'seizures' and 'rum raids' and
such,
Yet all they have done hasn't been very much,
And then in regard to their ironclad laws,
They have one in Vermont, were it put into motion,
That would raise in our midst a tremendous commo-
tion—
'Twould consign all our liquors and wines to the river
And keep people drinking cold water forever;
And yet, were I asked, I would gladly indorse it,
For its makers themselves do not dare to enforce it."

An imp with a message now pressed through the throng,

“Ah, this is of ‘Temperance,’ if I am not wrong;
And you shall all hear how our friends get along”;
But the smile left his face as he looked down and read,
And a terrible frown could be seen there instead;
“More temperance workers,” he fiercely began,
“And those confounded women are at it again;
How much do they know of the business of men?
I was always fond of their dear, pleasant faces,
But I never could teach them to stay in their places”;
“For you see,” said this lively and talkative elf,
And he laughed till he shook all the lamps on the shelf,
“Of all things on earth His Highness most fears
A pure woman’s influence, her prayers and her tears.”
But when he had read farther down on the page,
His anger broke forth in a terrible rage,
And through all the regions of Hades he tore,
And cursing and swearing, with terrible roar,
E’en the witches were scared at the oaths that he
swore,
That never were known to be frightened before;
“O! curse them” he shouted, “the villains, the fools,
They have taken their temperance into the schools.”

"Will that hurt him greatly?" I eagerly cried—
Said the imp, "It will not affect him at once,
But by teaching their temperance to scholar and dunce,
The coming young men, with exceptions but few,
Will turn out a miserable, cold water crew ;
And so, when the last jolly toper has died,
Who now is his Majesty's subject and slave,
And the last merry tippler has gone to his grave,
The reign will be over for King Alcohol,
And I don't know what will become of us all ;
But I weary you, so I will bid you goodbye,"
And he vanished from sight with a tear and a sigh.

October, 1882.

LIFE.

THE moment passeth—just a little dreaming,
And then we dream no more ;
Shall Earth's bright visions prove but idle seeming,
When this life is o'er ?

How soon forgotten—when, at last we're sleeping,
The long, dreamless sleep ;
Yet He forgets not, Who is ever keeping
Watch o'er His sheep.

May 29, 1910.

A VIOLIN SOLO.

SONGS of the southwind,
Cries of the tempest;
Chants of the violets,
Wild blossom choruses;
Sorrows tongue cannot tell,
Wailing in minor chords;
Outbursts of heavenly
Exquisite harmonies;
Passionate; sorrowing,
Loving and tender,
Peaceful and comforting;
Thrilling—inspiring—
Voice of the Infinite,
In liquid melody,
Poured from a wakened soul,
Through this frail instrument.

July 24, 1910.

A PRAYER AT EVENING.

AS the twilight deepens ; and the sunset dies
And is finished all the record of the day ;
Lord, look on my transgressions with tender, pitying
eyes—
Forgive, forgive my many sins I pray.

When upon my pillow vainly I seek for rest—
I am tortured by the thoughts of things undone ;
By vain regrets tormented—by memories oppressed
I turn to Thee for peace, Thou Mighty One.

When life's day is ending and the light shall fail
And Earth's familiar scenes shall fade away ;
Be with me as I enter the unknown shadowy vale,
And lead me to the lands of endless day.

May 29, 1910.

ON LAKE CHAMPLAIN.

O, day serene and lovely!
What thoughts thou bring'st to me!
Of other days as calm and clear,
And of the one who with us there,
Made e'en the landscape seem more fair,
The sunshine still more dear!
O, joys no more to be
In days serene and lovely.

O, lake by green encircled!
O, summer's charms so rare!
And misty mountains beckon me,
And in the green—Love's realm I see
The blue—Death's awful mystery—
The joy, the pain of memory,
I find when sailing where
The lake's by green encircled.

We glide o'er rippling waters,
Their magic spell we feel;
And waves, and shores, and clouds above,
All join in one caressing voice,
That bids our sorrowing hearts rejoice,
And in their songs of life and love,
Our wounded spirits heal
As we glide o'er rippling waters.

July 4, 1899.

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MEMORIAL DAY.

OUR Country! Land of the brave and free!
Who does not thrill with love and pride
To own its glorious liberty?
To know its blessings, rich and wide.

Its blessings bought by patriots' blood,
Its freedom marked by patriots' graves;
Oh! May its cost be understood
Where'er the starry banner waves.

Where marble guards the patriot's tomb,
Or marks the unknown martyr's grave;
Let pansies smile and tulips bloom,
Wreath flowers and let our banner wave.

'Neath southern sun and nothern snows,
Silent and still, our heroes lie;
Their graves are where the wild flower blows,
And where the multitudes rush by.

The seasons all unheeded pass,
The fleeting years are not for them;
Nor drifting snows nor growing grass,
Nor earthly crown or diadem.

In flower of youth and manhood's prime
They died with life's work scarce begun;
For country fought with faith sublime,
And with their blood its victory won.

These noble slain—forget them not—
Nor let their deeds forgotten be;
Nor freedom's cause for which they fought,
On blood stained field and gory sea.

And if for honor and for right
Our country's call for us shall sound;
Like them, may we haste to the fight,
And in the foremost ranks be found.

WILLOW BROOK.

I would that my thoughts would as smoothly run,
As the placid waters of yonder stream;
I would that my weary tasks were done,
And by its side I could lie and dream.

Beneath the shade of some willow tree,
Where the mountains gaze in the waters deep;
Where the birds sing soft and the lambs skip free
O'er the violet meadow and rugged steep.

Away from the hurry and bustle and din,
Away from scenes of woe and strife,
Away from vice and crime and sin;
Where naught but the pure has entered in,
And nature praises the Giver of Life.

Where the flowers grow with a wreath of bloom
And lift their heads to the passer by;
Where the air is laden with rich perfume,
Where the waters murmur and breezes sigh.

For the mind is weary that hath not rest,
And the world knoweth not of rest or peace;
It affords but sorrow and care at best,
And its weary strugglings never cease.

Here man with his fellow man contends,
And brotherly love is too oft forgot;
And he, who victorious, gains his ends,
Sees the other fall and careth not.

And the nobler part of life is lost,
And the gentler nature within him dies;
But honors purchased at such a cost,
Prove but an empty and worthless prize.

I would I could walk by the riverside,
Far, far away from the haunts of men;
Where its waters calmly and sweetly glide,
Through shadowy valley and mossy glen.

And there where its waters whisper peace,
I could lift my thoughts to a higher plane;
Ah! then would my troublings and doubtings cease,
Nevermore to come back again.

A NAME.

A name, 'tis but a sound that shall be heard
A little while, not long, and soon no more
The breezes shall be stirred
By that peculiar sound ; the wave beat shore
That listens to the ever varying tale
The wavelets whisper, with a sigh, a wail,
Now soft, now loud, unlike the sound before,
Relates as much of *this* as we may know
Of men who lived and perished long ago.

These silent hills around that have looked on
While, all too swift the ages have passed by ;
That, since the army first its march began,
Whose lot was but to suffer and to die,
Have echoed with the tread of hurrying feet—
Who have, at times, within their safe retreat
Received Earth's greatest ones—could they unfold
The wondrous tale which they, in silence hold,
So strange a story never has been told.

Great is the army of the living spread abroad,
In one immense encampment made by God,
And yet a host ten fold as great lies sleeping 'neath
 the sod,
A peaceful, dreamless sleep ;
So deep, profoundly deep,
That nevermore they'll rise to gird their armor on ;
Nevermore while starry orbs shall move in space
To make the seasons and the years, and time and place,
And all things earthly shall continue ; those long since
 gone
Shall be remembered or by Earth be known,
Nor shall their names be heard until the last accounts
 are shown.

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PROSPECT HILL.

ONE summer's day when all the earth was fair,
 I wandered to a hilltop near the town,
And there beheld a most entrancing scene,
 And long I stood and looked in wonder down.

Toward the north were broad and well tilled farms,
 And large, rich meadows filled with waving grain ;
And farther on where grew the poplar trees,
 I saw a desolate and sandy plain.

I turned me toward the west where sunset hues
Began to gather ; there in sparkling light,
Dotted with islands—here and there a sail—
The broad lake lay before me, rippling, bright.

Below, like a silver thread, the river ran,
Turning the whirring spindles of the mill ;
Great halls of healing and of education crown,
Beyond the stream, the city's hill.

But, Oh ! the east, the morn-illumined east,
Where lay the dear loved mountains of my home !
So grand and beautiful against the sky,
Their peaks seemed ever beckoning me to come.

Oh fair the changing scene I looked upon,
That lay between me and their lovely blue ;
But fairer, sweeter still there lay beyond,
A lovelier landscape that I longed to view.

—June 1880.

LIL-I'-NAU.

AN INDIAN TRADITION.

AMONG many a story and quaint superstition,
That the dreamy old Past tells the child of
Today,
Are a few scattered fragments of Indian tradition,
Of the Ottawa nation; long since passed away.

Here is one: by the side of great Michigan's waters
Stood the lodge of the chief—there he dwelt with
his child—

Lil-i'-nau the fairest of Ottawa's daughters,
With eyes like the fawn and as graceful and wild.

Sixteen times had the Spring with her burden of
flowers,

Dropped the pink and white buds 'neath the mur-
muring trees;

Sixteen times came the Summer to dwell in her
bowers,

'Midst the singing of birds and the humming of
bees,

Since she came, the wee stranger, fair flower of the
wildwood—

Now the light of the lodge and the Ottawas' pride;
And the young braves that once were her playmates in
childhood,

Now came to her wigwam to sue for a bride.

There came noble warriors from other brave nations,
To woo with rich presents and promises rare;
But she deigned not a smile to their ardent persuasions;
And the brave, though deserving, possessed not
the fair.

Lil-i'-nau, Lil-i'-nau, the pine boughs are calling,
In whispering sighs they speak love to thine ear;
'Neath the glimmer of starlight with footsteps light
falling,
She walks 'mid the trees through the night, without
fear.

The rustle and snap of the twigs in the thicket—
The owl's mournful call to his far-away mate—
The whir of the bat and the chirp of the cricket;
She hears them and heeds not—but why does she
wait?

"Lil-i'-nau, Lil-i'-nau," the pine boughs are sighing,
"So lovely! So cruel! Coy maiden, beware;
O list to the words of a love never dying,
Though I seem but a shadow, a creature of air."

"Beloved, thy face is my sunlight, my morning—
Thy smile is my day but thy frown is my night;
What grace and what beauty unite in adorning
The face and the form of my love, my delight."

“Lil-i'-nau, Lil-i'-nau, turn not away scorning,
The love I would offer, the troth I would plight.”

O you pines, naughty pines, what is this you are vowed,
ing,

We have heard your soft whispers and the story
they told;

See! See! Those blue plumes that are waving and
bowing,

That dim-outlined figure, majestic and bold.

’Tis a spectre, a whispering phantom—this lover,
Once a warrior, a chieftain, the pride of his race;
Now he comes ’neath these murmuring pine trees to
hover,
And nightly soft whispers of love fill the place.

Lil-i'-nau, Lil-i-nau, O why art thou smiling,
Canst' thou feel these cold lips, that caress on thy
brow;

Hush, list to that whisper the maiden beguiling,
“I am waiting beloved, wilt thou fly with me
now?”

See! See! Those blue plumes are now waving and bending,

They beckon, she follows—they vanish from sight—

Spectre, lover and maiden; and the pine trees are sending

A sobbing farewell through the darkening night.

On the morn, when the sun shone far over the pine trees,

Came the chief to the lodge, “Ho Lil-i’-nau, arise;

The birds are all singing—the soft blowing south breeze

Brings tidings of lovers—haste open thine eyes.”

“Ha! sayest thou nothing!” He tears back the curtain,
He enters and stands in the wigwam alone;

He gropes vainly around in the light dim, uncertain,
But Lil-i’-nau, the pride of his people is gone.

Feb. 21, 1887.

TWO PICTURES.

A farm house old—the tints of gold
Shine o'er the western hill;
The setting sun, his race has run,
Now all is dark and still.

A death like pall seems over all,
A chill is in the air;
Each flower with dread, hangs down its head,
And changed are all things fair.

The news of war has spread afar,
It tells of thousands slain;
A sad defeat, a brave retreat,
A rally once again.

But all for naught, full well they fought,
And fighting, bravely fell;
This is the tale that greets the vale,
Like a dull, funeral knell.

An aged pair sit silent there,
Within that farm house old;
The tear drops flow, 'neath lock of snow,
That long since changed from gold.

With voices hushed, hearts almost crushed,
 All earthly hope is fled ;
Their darling boy, their pride and joy,
 Lies numbered with the dead.

And nevermore that farm house door
 Shall open at his touch ;
And ne'er again that aged twain,
 Shall smile at his approach.

And yet again, my wandering pen
 Another scene portrays ;
An aged form in blinding storm
 And dark and devious ways.

In search of one, an only son,
 By the demon Drink laid low ;
Goes forth to prove a mother's love
 Through white, unpitying snow.

A snowy mound at last is found,
 A form beneath does lie ;
As with a dart the mother's heart
 Is pierced with agony.

For, oh ! alas, the treacherous glass
 Has done its work too well ;
With fearful power, its chains allure
 And draw men down to hell.

Oh hallowed tears, oh sacred tears,
For fallen heroes shed;
Their deeds are sung by every tongue,
Our honored, martyred dead.

Oh scalding tears, oh bitter tears,
Shed for that countless host;
That slaves to drink, in shame did sink,
The army of the lost.

TRUE HAPPINESS.

IS it to dwell in palaces grand?
To be called great through all the land?
To hold a while the reigns of power?
To wed a princess and her dower?
Is it to reach the heights of fame?
To leave a record and a name?
Is it to have Pactolus' gold
Gathered like Croesus rich of old?
Is it to conquer armies great?
Or to decide a nation's fate?
Is it to gain a maiden's love
Though rare and beautiful it prove?
Though joy and health and peace may bless,
Earth hath not purest happiness;
If thou would'st find it, look above,
To the Great Source of light and love,
And kneeling at that glorious throne,
True happiness shall be thine own.

THE ANGEL OF PEACE.

THAT PEACE THAT PASSETH UNDERSTANDING.

SOMETIMES when the shadows of evening
Have fallen o'er all things below;
I will sit by the firelight, half dreaming
And watching its soft, mellow glow.

Last evening my thoughts were as varied
As the shadows that danced on the wall;
Though alone, I could feel some sweet presence,
And a calm on my spirit did fall.

All day through the long weary hours,
My heart had been weary and sore,
And I thought of the joys that had vanished,
And I said "They will come nevermore."

And I strove with my heart, until evening
A little of rest, brought to me;
For despair had claimed me a prisoner,
And I struggled and longed to be free.

But at last a sweet calm came upon me
And all of my troublings did cease,
And the presence that loosened my fetters,
Was the beautiful Angel of Peace.

SNOW.

WETHER it be in bleak December, or in June's
fair sway,

There are lessons to remember, taught us every day.

In the endless book of nature, wonderful, sublime,
Beautiful is every feature, truth unchanged by time.

In the cold and wintry weather, over hill and town,
Comes each snowflake like a feather, gently falling
down.

And they come by Winter bidden, filling all the air,
And the rough old world is hidden by a mantle fair.

When, with winged steed, the morning o'er the hills
doth ride,

Then the snow, the Earth adorning like a white robed
bride,

Gives to us a precious emblem—when defects we see,
There's a mantle that will hide them, it is Charity.

And when all the fields are lying, spotless, pure and
white,

And the snows have ceased their flying, all the scene
is bright.

It appears whene'er we view it, very fair to see,
Let this thought as we construe it, teach us "Purity."

Still another thought we gather from the falling snow,
It is given to cheer, or rather bless us, as we go.

That like gently falling snowflakes, wafted from
above,
God showers down his choicest blessings, messengers
of love.

From the snow around our dwelling learn we lessons
three,
Charity, all else excelling, Love and Purity.

KIND WORDS.

ARE you seeking to brighten life's way, brother,
And desire the rare secret to know;
Think well of each word that you say, brother
Whether spoken to friend or to foe.

If dark clouds above swiftly roll, brother,
Then list to some sufferer's moan;
With kind words, unburden that soul, brother,
And that shall bring peace to thine own.

There's many a heart sore and bleeding,
That one loving sentence will heal;
There's many a soul weak and wavering,
That a word would their destiny seal.

Some sentiment that you have uttered,
 May echo and sing evermore;
Some word of yours, lovingly spoken,
 May reach the invisible shore.

Then think of the words that you say brother,
 And speak them in kindness and love;
And you shall receive your reward bye and bye,
 In the beautiful mansions above.

1882.

“SOMETIME.”

“**S**OMETIME” he said with exultant joy,
 “I will be a warrior great and bold”;
’Twas the words of a beautiful, bright haired boy,
 As he planned his life, and longed to grow old.

“I’ll capture cities, I’ll conquer kings,”
 And in my hands hold a nation’s fate;
And I will do such wonderful things,
 That men shall be proud to call me great.

And so looked the world to you and I,
 Before we had entered the battles of life;
But many must fight and many must die,
 As the unknown heroes of the strife.

“I’ll be a statesman,” the young man said,
Many must serve, but I will reign;
And proudly he carried his noble head
But he spoke from a heart that knew not pain.

But the world heeded not his hopes so high
And his life, alas, was but that of a slave;
Disappointed at last, he lay down to die,
And the breezes sigh o’er his early grave.

“Sometime I’ll be rich for wealth is power,”
Said the hard visaged man of middle age;
The wealth he gained, but it fled in an hour,
And left his face as a written page.

“The world is heartless, the world is cold,”
Said an aged man with silver hair;
His purse was empty, his raiment old
And, homeless, he wandered here and there.

“But sometime, I know, I will rest above,
Where all the saints and the angels are;
My sorrows shall cease and love, sweet love,
Shall soothe my sad heart forever there.”

And weary he sat by the lonely way,
And the storm beat fast and cold was the night;
And there they found him at break of day,
But upward his spirit had taken flight.

FARMER JONES SPOKE IN MEETING OF
W. C. T. U.

I tell ye friends I am a *temperance* man,
An' allus try to say a cheerin' word,
Or do a bit to help ye when I *can*,
In this great cause. You have this evening heard
Them that can talk more eloquent than me;
And you will please excuse my awkward way
If with high soundin' words I am not free,
But use the ones I talk with every day.

I kinder *like* your plan, I think its *good*,
And though somewhat old fashioned I am still,
Yet I would have it plainly understood,
That you have my best wishes and good will;
I can't say I approve of *every* pint,
The best of us in various ways do err,
But *one* thing seems to throw it out of jint
In some respects its carried most too *fur*.

Now good hard cider never hurt a fly,
I put in fourteen barrels every fall,
And allus keep a pitcher handy by,
Where it will be convenient for us all;
My boys all drink it—I can't see the harm—
For though sometimes they are a *leetle* wild,
They still work good and steady on the farm,
And boys like *them* are not so easy spiled.

And as for sperrits—in their *proper place*
They're quite a blessing; now most every spring
A little drop of them just hits my case;
When I feel kinder *blue*, and everything
Seems wrong end to; and then when dog days come,
And folks are gettin' *sun struck*, it ain't safe
For *anyone* to go away from home,
Without somethin' to brace 'em; I don't *crave*
The stuff, but take it as a *medicine*.
When *coughs* and *colds* are round;
I think to use it isn't any sin,
It is the best *protection* I have found.

An' then in winter though I'm strong and tough,
The wind will somehow chill me through and
through,
And good warm clothes and victuals *ain't enough*,
To keep me feeling *well*; and if you knew
How dreadful good it is for rheumatiz—
It sorter warms the blood and drives away the
pain—
I think you'd see it more as it is;
I ain't a *findin' fault*; I know it brings
Down heaps of *talk* when to this we refer,
And so I just remark, "I think these things
Are carried just a little bit *too fur.*"

But I am a *temperance* man ; I had a friend,
Who was the likeliest fellow that I knew
When I was young ; and 'bout his end,
. If it won't take too much time, I'll tell to you ;
I hear that he is dead ; for forty years I've known him ;
'twon't be many tears
That I'll shed for him ; it's a good thing for his
neighborhood
That he is gone ; I don't believe its best
To *talk* about a man when he is *dead*—
We *all* have failin's—I say *let 'em rest*
When there's six feet of earth above his head.

It ain't no *earthly use* to go about
An' rake up all the facts about a man
Of wrong things done and good things he's left out ;
Now my plan is to tell what *good* I can
About a person, and *what else* I know
To lock in my own buzzum ; but now Jim
Had stuck to drinkin' 'till he got so low
That no one could' find good to say of him,
An' yet as I was sayin', he was smart
An' quick to learn ; I used to hear folks say
"That feller, if he gets a decent start
Is gong to make a splendid man some day" ;
We had great times, when he and I were boys,
He was my chum more'n forty years ago—

We shared together all our various joys,
And likewise helped to bear each other's woe;
But one thing ever marred the happiness
Our friendship brought us in those long gone
days,
But that was tough on me, I will confess,
(He never knew how much) but if it pays
To stifle all the feelings of the heart
For friendship's sake (all that I did) I've not yet
come onto the payin' part.

I'll tell it *now*, though I *have* kept it hid—
I used to know a very handsome maid—
The prettiest girl in all the country round;
She come to meetin' at our place, arrayed
In black silk bonnet and in striped gown,
And when her sparklin' glances she displayed
A prettier picter never has been found;
So sweet and modest and yet smart and neat;
I saw her every Sunday for a year,
She had full half the county at her feet;
I kept *my distance*, yet *felt* awful queer
Whenever her sweet face I chanced to see;
And *sometimes* when she glanced so shyly up,
I thought her smile was meant for *only me*.

Well, well, we have to drink full many a cup
That ain't so very sweet, but when one day
Jim came to me (as ever) to confide
His plans—for once I didn't know what to say—
He said that he would *claim her for his bride*,
And he kept talkin' and I tried to hide
The lump that was a risin' in my throat,
And I was glad then that he didn't note
The way I felt; so things went on
All fair and smooth and all seemed well with him
And though 'twas said he was a little wild
At times and drank too much, she only smiled
At all they said and thought the world of Jim;
And they were married and Jim went to town
To start in business for himself, and so
We parted; I kept on my way
As I had always done and didn't know
How he was gettin' on for many years,
Except that he was prosperin' in his store
An' gettin' rich, but arter while my fears
Were roused about him; he was drinkin' more
Than was for his *best good* so people said;
I heard no more, until the story came
That *she* was dead—the one I loved and lost;
I cannot even now repeat her name,
I never told before how much it cost
To give her up, yet without cry or groan
I heard about her death, for then you know
I had a wife and children of my own.

She died of *broken heart*, in want and woe,
That part, somehow, I never like to tell;
He let her die by his *neglect*, and *all for rum*—
His nature withered by the blast of hell,
That through the doorways of the grog shop come.

In poverty and ~~wife~~ wretchedness she died,
She was *too young* to fall so soon asleep;
And now he too is resting by her side,
And o'er his grave no one has stopped to weep;
Yes, now he is dead—that man who long has been
An outcast and a sot, a slave to sin,
Shunned by all men of good repute; of all
The most degraded, who in drunken brawl,
Or midnight revel, wasted time and strength,
And means of livin'; 'till at length,
He sank unto the level of a brute,
With all the finer promptin's of his nature mute.

Well, well, I've talked too long, and so will close
By simply sayin' that deep down within
My heart I'm feelin' bad; for though the *sin*
Of drinkin' and carousin' was *his own*
I can't help thinkin' what he *might a bin*
If he had only let the stuff alone.
And that's why me and all *saloons* are foes.

And sometimes, meditatin', I have thought
That our tremendous liquor laws will be
Upon our page of history a blot,
Because *we had 'em and we used 'em not*,
And went back on our *principles* you see;
And when that book is opened that shall tell
The story of our lives, 'gin many a name
Of them who think that they have labored well
For others' good, these burning words of shame
Will written be—(oh, if they only knew it)—
“He *might* have saved his fellowman, *but didn't do it.*”

—1883.

WHEN T. R. WAS IN AFRICA.

SAID the King of the Jungle
“It won't do to bungle,
For Teddy is here with a gun;
We'll hide or he'll shoot us
And that will not suit us,
For he will have all of the fun.”

Said the big hippopotamus:
“O, dear me, what a muss,
The case is decidedly grave;
I will strive to beguile
With my fetchinest smile,
And he'll think I am simply a cave.”

The ostrich was calmer,
Teddy could not alarm her;
For said she: "In this Sahara land
Where I am abiding
There is no lack of hiding,
And Teddy has plenty of *sand*."

Said the wily giraffe
With a sly little laugh:
"I think he will never get me;
While he is scouting around
'Mongst the folks on the ground
I'll conveniently be up a tree."

Said the big chimpanzee,
"He will never get me,
It would be the biggest of jokes;
We're related, you see,
Through our ancestral tree,
And I consider him one of our folks."

HATS.

O H! The hats, hats, hats, hats, hats, hats;
We gaze in growing wonder and can only say—
“Oh Rats!”

How they twist and turn and wiggle!
'Nough to make an injun giggle;
How they tip and dip and flutter,
Shaping forms speech cannot utter.

All the colors, shades and mixtures,
All the bows and bands and fixtures;
Hats for blondes on brunette ladies,
(Combination worse than Hades).

Brunette's shades on auburn tresses,
Azure hats o'er pea green dresses;
Ribbons—bowed and banked and twisted,
Flowers no florist ever listed.

Millinery awe inspiring,
(Held aloft by careful wiring);
Sea of hats kaleidoscopic—
Ladies most absorbing topic.

How they soar and flaunt and quiver,
Ribbon, feather, bird and flower;
And the man with torpid liver
Pays the bills and grows more sour.

LIMERICKS.

THREE was a young lady in Gloucester,
Her mother had heretofore boucester;
But when she began
To berate her young man,
She wished that she never had croucester.

There was a young lady and Mr.
Enjoying the evening Vr.
Said she “Is the moon
A setting too soon”—
For an answer he jest up and Kr.

A man drank some fiery liquid—
Drank a big glass of whiskey, he duid,
And he cried “I’m undone,
But I had lots of fun,”
As into the cooler he sluid.

A man used some LePage’s glue,
And got stuck up before he was thrue,
Though a pious old sage,
He exclaimed in a rage,
“That’s a darn pretty how due you due.

LIMERICKS.

TO A YOUNG MAN.

AT a theatre known as the Bijou,
They do all they can to plijou;
But if after a song,
Your applause is too long,
A policeman promptly will sijou.

TO A YOUNG LADY.

If your fellow takes you to the Bijou,
It shows that he's anxious to plijou—
If he's honest and square,
You ought not to care,
If at parting he gently should squijou.

LIMERICKS.

TWO girls of the Methodist choir,
To sing a duet did aspoir;
But they could not agree,
To sing it in C,
For the alto desired to sing hoir.

A nice little Sunday school lad,
Remarked to his suffering Dad,
“If *I* got a whack,
When driving a tack,
I wouldn’t say words that are bad.”

There was a young lady who was a co-ed,
She studied when she should have been in bed;
Tho’ she was not slow,
She had never a beaux,
For her hair and her nose and her eyes they were red.

MAY.

S^AY!

It's May!

Hip hooray!!

Robin tells us of it early every day;
All the fields are greener,
And the world seems cleaner
When the apple blossoms smile beside the way.

Hear the frogs,
Where the bogs,
Grow the yellow cowslip
By the reedy pools;
Nature's voices heard afar by drowsy schools;
Scholars cease to reckon
When blue violets beckon—
After school the woods are full of boys and dogs.

A FOURTH OF JULY PICNIC.

I love the lake, I love the shore, I love the beauteous sky;
I love the folks who wave at us, as we go sailing by;
I love the day we celebrate, that made our nation free;
I love the glorious land which lies, twixt sea and gulf
and sea;
I love the happy faces and the voices full of joy,
And all the sights and sounds which please, with nothing to annoy.

I love the throbbing of the boat, the chattering of the waves;
I love the shores of rock and sand that Champlain water laves;
I love the sunshine and the mirth that this occasion brings;
I love the basket *best of all*, chock full of picnic things.

July 4, 1899.

OUR THEODORE.

WRITTEN WHEN T. R. CAME TO VERMONT.

ONCE more, once more, we've seen our Theodore—
He struck a strenuous gait through the old
Green Mountain State;
From historic Bennington he made a century run—
And the air was full of noise, and the brave Green
Mountain boys
Early came and waited long; and some fellows sang
this song:
“We're ready for Teddy again, boys,” with all their
might and main.

Once more, once more, we've heard our Theodore!
And we know he's going to bust every blooming,
bloody trust;
Every boss and politician will soon seek a new posi-
tion,
And the base, conspiring press will wake up in quite
a mess
When the Bull Moose comes along; when the folks
take up the song:
“We're ready for Teddy again boys,” old Bill Taft
will have a pain.

Once more, once more, we cheer our Theodore,
While the cowering party boss, like the wild rhinoceros,
Or the lion and the bear—takes a sneak into his lair—
And Penrose and Archbold feel their feet are growing
 cold;
And the man who told a lie, shivers when he passes
 by;
And the great Progressive throng join to sing the
 victor's song:
“We're ready for Teddy again, boys,” from ev'ry hill
 and plain.

Once more, once more—thus says our Theodore;
“There ain't a fair divide—come over to MY side;
The Barons, Coal and Beef, will shortly come to grief,
And Morgan and old Rock will get a mighty shock,
They will take another tack, when I rip things up the
 back;
And you'll all be rich some day if you only go MY
 way;”
Simply holler loud and long, everybody shout the song:
“We're ready for Teddy again, boys,” the most popular
 refrain.

Once more, once more, has gone our Theodore!
But Wilson and Bill Taft, with all their crews of graft
Are done for this time sure; we have found the only
cure—
We will vote for the Big Stick, and salvation 's coming
quick—
We will vote for Theodore and we wont work any
more—
Wealth for all in great supply will just rain down
from the sky;
“We're ready for Teddy again, boys,”—when we all
have gone insane.

THE BATHER.

A vision of loveliness, dainty and sweet,
From her tangling curls to her dear little
feet;
With cheeks like the roses and lashes like night,
Coquettishly veiling eyes, saucy and bright;
Apparel bewitchingly planned to reveal,
The grace of a figure it cannot conceal;
She sits on the beach by the blue Summer Sea,
And “trouble for someone” there's certain to be.

PEARY AND COOK.

THE North wind rushed over snowy steeps
And roared through the forest aisles ;
He came from the land where the glacier creeps
Down the winding valley to chilly deeps,
Where the iceberg into the ocean leaps ;
He raced over many frigid miles
Where the storm king rides o'er his wide domain
Of snow capped mountain and icy plain
On the Blizzard's raging snowy steeds ;
He came from the haunts of the polar bear,
Where the seal disports and the walrus feeds,
Where luminous banners stream and flare—
In the land of the Midnight Sun ;
The scene of many stupendous deeds
Accomplished or yet to be done.

Tell us, O ! North Wind—grim and cold
As you swept the sledges winding track ;
Did it circle that axis—sought of old
By many an Arctic voyager bold—
Who sailed but came not back—
Is the stars and stripes afloat from the pole ?

Did Commander Peary actually go
To that apex in the zone of snow ?
Has Mr. Cook got himself in a hole
With his romances of the Pole ?
A colored brother, two Esquimeaux
And *you* alone were allowed to go
To the very top of the world
And witness our flag unfurled ;
Now just what happened, tell us plain,
And thus relieve this terrible strain,
That we may feel like ourselves again.

Dec. 7, 1909.

A PICNIC REMINISCENCE.

THERE is a little island that seems floating in the lake,
Not more than half a mile from off the shore ;
And there, one day, we picnicked, on sandwiches, pie
and cake—
And we've never wished to go there any more.

For there the blithe mosquito attunes his joyful lay,
Awhile he stabs each unresisting hide ;
And there the ant, insidious, did slyly seek his prey,
As we reposed upon the hillock's side.

We built a fire for coffee, as dinner time drew nigh,
 Of fagots sopping wet from summer showers;
Inadvertently I slipped and sat upon a custard pie,
 Then cleaned my pantaloons through sunny hours.

A thunder shower swept swift across the erstwhile
 sunny skies—
An ill protecting tree sheltered but wrecks—
Our collars yielded up their starch, our neckties shed
 their dyes;
While raindrops drizzled, drozzled down our
 necks.

There is a little island that seems floating in the lake,
 Not more than half a mile from off the shore;
And distance lends enchantment (and that is no mis-
 take),
And we'll never, never, go there any more.

THE BABY.

O H such a commotion there is in the house,
And then only silence complete ;
Sometimes we creep about still as a mouse,
And then there's a clatter of feet.

“Oh hush and be still—make never a sound”—
Just then there's a howl and a squall,
So, early and late, the lights flutter around,
Through kitchen and cellar and hall.

One time in this household of order and peace,
Life flowed like a wide, gentle river,
But now from distraction there seems no release—
This turmoil will keep on forever.

The baby, yes, he is the innocent cause,
Of all of this change and commotion ;
And now we are governed by only those laws
That suit his imperial notion.

—November, 1912.

GOOD WEATHER.

IT is always good weather !
In sunshine or snow or rain ;
When the sky is warm,
Or the driving storm,
Rides fierce o'er the raging main ;
When friends are together,
It is always good weather.

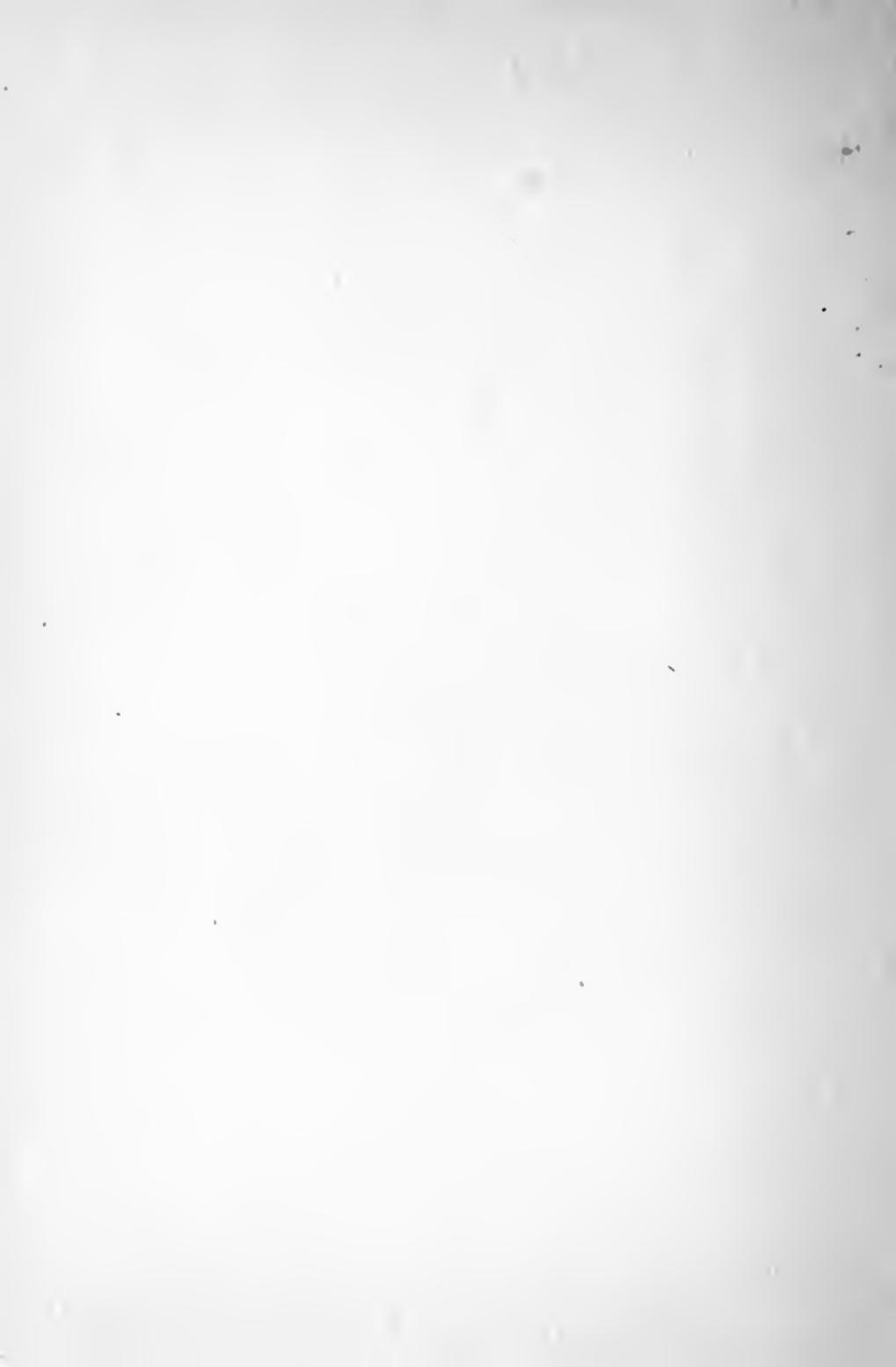
It is always good weather !
We are soothed by the gentle rain—
And the falling snow,
And the winds that blow,
Make the wan cheeks bloom again—
And with birds of a feather,
It is always good weather.

It is always good weather !
When frost paints the window pane ;
When crisp is the snow,
And warm firesides glow ;
As we wade through the drifts in the lane,
For an evening together,
It is always good weather.

June 15, 1911.









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